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champe: a Tale of Kentucky." Other works of Mr. Simms we shall be obliged to set down as they occur to us, without vouching for their order of publication. These are: "Carl Weiner;" "Confession: or the Blind Heart;" "Helen Halsey: or the Swamp State of Conelachita;" "The Yemassee;" "Pelayo: a Story of the Goth," and its sequel, "Count Julian," where the author ventures upon Spanish ground in the days of Don Roderick; "The Damsel of Darien," the hero of which is Vasco Nunez de Balboa; "The Lily and the Totem: or the Huguenots in Florida;" "Vasconcelos," including the career of De Soto in Florida; "The Wigwam and the Cabin," a collection of tales; "Castle Dismal: or the Bachelor's Christmas;" "Marie de Berniere: a Tale of the Crescent City;" "The Golden Christmas: a Chronicle of St. John's Berkeley;" "Southward Ho!" and "The Cassique of Kiawah." In history, Mr. Simms has written a "History of South Carolina in the Revolution," and many elaborate articles upon the part taken by the South in the Revolution. In biography, lives of "Francis Marion," "General Greene," "Captain Smith," the "Chevalier Bayard," etc. On other and miscellaneous subjects, the author has published "The Book of My Lady;" "Views and Reviews of American History, Literature, and Art;" "Father Abbot: or the Home Tourist;" "Egeria: or Voices of Thought and Counsel for the Woods and Wayside;" and a volume entitled "The Pro-Slavery Argument." Among his most vigorous contributions to the reviews were a series of papers upon international copyright, which strongly advocated that scheme. In 1848, he published an edition of the seven dramas attributed to Shakespeare, with notes and an introduction to each play. In addition to these numerous literary works, Mr. Simms has produced a number of lectures, addresses, and orations, which have been greatly admired. Among these were: "The Social Principle the True Secret of National Permanence;" "The True Sources of American Independence;" "Self Development;" "The Battle of Fort Moultrie;" "On Poetry and the Practical;" and "On the Moral Character of Hamlet."

In a paper so limited as the one which we now write, any extended comment upon these numerous and elaborate works, in departments so varied, interesting, and suggestive, is entirely impossible. We must content ourselves with a few notes of

what has been the result of a somewhat careful reading of very many of these volumes.

In his romances dealing with the earlier history of South Carolina, and with border character and adventure in the Western and Southwestern States, Mr. Simms displays great vigor, fertility of fancy, and dramatic power. The fresh life of the woods, the humors and passions of a new country, the working of the under and more terrible instincts of the human mind; all these are portrayed with a gusto and animation which lead the reader a willing captive to the end of the volume. Not less picturesque, vivid, and striking, are his "Michael Bonham: or the Fall of the Alamo," and other dramas; but, in this department, his "Norman Maurice: or the Man of the People," is by far his finest production. We have no hesitation in declaring it the most vigorous drama yet written in America. It extracts from the life of the nineteenth century, and the America of to-day, that powerful human interest which the Elizabethan dramatists drew from the sixteenth century, and the England of that time. The passion of the drama is stern, broad-based, and vehement. Norman Maurice, the hero, is an original creation, due to no preceding author, and unattainable from the study of books. He is one of those human beings who mould their own fates, and defy all that opposes them.

"The Cassique of Accabee," and other poems of Mr. Simms, are full of an imaginative beauty and freshness which few American writers approach. We regret that the extent which our paper has reached renders a detailed criticism of these pieces impossible. They will always hold a high rank among the narrative-lyrical poetry of the country; and, though they must yield to the more metaphysical and ideal creations, "Atantis," and other poems in the same department, substantiate the author's claim to the possession of the higher imagination.

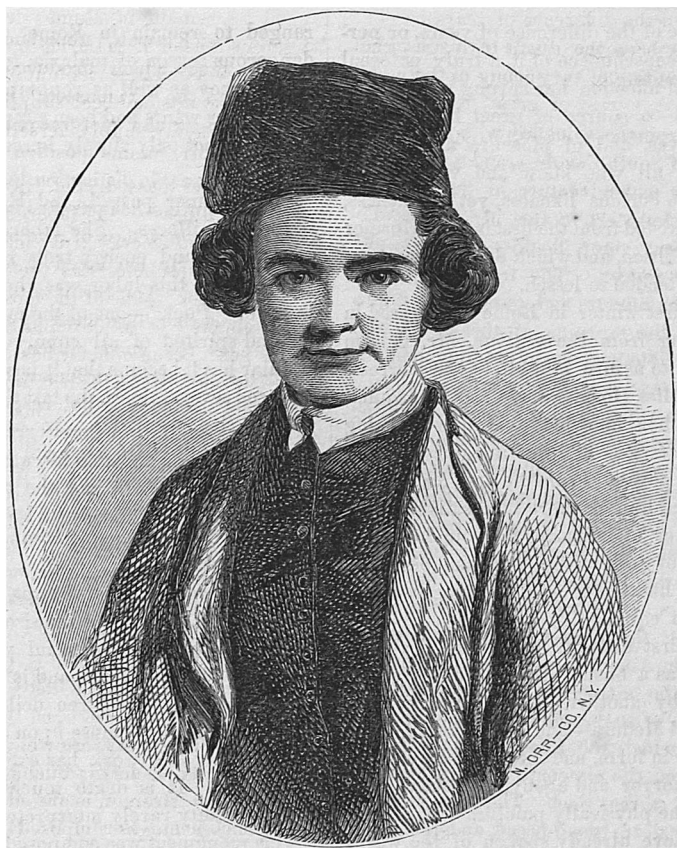
The career of Mr. Simms has been onward and upward, from the moment when he embarked in letters. At fifty-three his imagination is as active and fertile as at twenty-five. Amid the refined and pleasant society of Charleston, or at his estate of "Woodlands," in the interior, he is never too much occupied with material affairs to neglect his literary pursuits. He still is one of the most industrious of living authors, and his last work, the

"Cassique of Kiawah," abundantly proves that the fancy which produced "Martin Faber," and the "Yemassee," has rather gained in vigor and picturesqueness, than declined. Mr. Simms' position is an example of honorable distinction, legitimately won. The author has pursued his literary calling with singleness of aim and honest enthusiasm. He has loved it, and it has rewarded him. The result of his long and honorable career, unstained by aught that misbecomes the good citizen, the warm friend, the chivalric gentleman, has been a public regard, and cordial respect, which is better than fortune, and greater than fame. We trust that his life may long be spared. The South, and the country at large, as well, can ill afford to lose one who pursues the high and noble calling of letters with a grace and strength so conspicuous, and in a spirit so true to the elevated principles of true art.

HARRIET HOSMER.



BORN at Watertown, Massachusetts, October 9th, 1830, Harriet Hosmer is the only surviving daughter of Dr. Hiram Hosmer, an eminent physician of that place, who, having lost wife and child by consumption, and fearing a like fate for the survivor, gave her horse, dog, gun, and boat, and insisted upon an out-doors life, as indispensable to health. A fearless horsewoman, a good shot, an adept in rowing, swimming, diving, and skating, Harriet is a signal instance of what judicious physical training will effect in conquering even hereditary taint of constitution. Willingly as the active, energetic child acquiesced in her father's wishes, she contrived, at the same time, to gratify and develop her own peculiar tastes; and many a time and oft, when the worthy doctor may have flattered himself that his darling was in active exercise, she might have been found in a certain clay-pit, not very far from the paternal residence, making early attempts at modelling horses, dogs, sheep, men, and women—any objects, in short, which attracted her attention. Then, too, both here, and subsequently at Lenox, she made good use of her time by studying natural history, and of her gun, by securing specimens for herself of the wild creatures of the woods, feathered and furred, dissecting some, and, with her own hands, preparing and stuffing others. The walls



Harriet Hosmer.

of the room devoted to her special use in "the old house at home," are covered with birds, bats, butterflies and beetles, snakes and toads, while sundry bottles of spirits contain subjects carefully dissected and prepared by herself.

Full of fun and frolic, numerous anecdotes are told of practical jokes perpetrated to such an excess, that Dr. Hosmer, satisfied with the progress toward health and strength his child had made, and having endeavored, without success, to place her under tuition in daily and weekly schools near home, determined to commit her to the care of Mrs. Sedgwick, of Lenox, Massachusetts. Thither the young lady was accordingly sent, with strict injunctions that health should be a paramount consideration, and that the pupil should have liberty to ride and walk, shoot and swim, to her heart's content. In wiser or kinder hands the young girl could not have been placed. Here, too, she met with Mrs. Fanny Kemble, whose influence tended to strengthen and develop her already decided tastes and predilections. To Mrs. Kemble we have heard the young artist gratefully attribute the encouragement

which decided her to follow sculpture as a profession, and to devote herself and her life to the pursuit of art.

In 1850, she left Lenox. Mrs. Sedgwick's judicious treatment, and the motive and encouragement supplied by Mrs. Kemble, had given the right impetus to that activity of mind and body, which needed only guiding and directing into legitimate channels. She returned to her father's house, at Watertown, to pursue her art studies, and to fit herself for the career she had resolved upon following.

The life of the young girl was now full of earnest purpose and noble ambition, and the untiring energy and perseverance which distinguish her now in so remarkable a degree, were at this time evidenced and developed. Having modelled one or two copies from the antique, she next tried her hand on a portrait bust; then cut Canova's bust of Napoleon in marble, working it entirely with her own hands, that she might make herself mistress of the process. Her father, seeing her devoted to her studies, seconded them in every possible way, and proposed to send her to his friend, Dr. McDowell, Professor of Anatomy to the St.

Louis College, that she might go through a course of regular instruction, and be thus thoroughly grounded for the branch of art she had chosen. The young artist was but too glad to close with the offer; and, in the autumn of 1850, we find her at St. Louis, residing in the family of her favorite schoolmate from Lenox, winning the hearts of all its members by her frank, joyous nature, and steady application, and securing, in the head of it, what she heartily and energetically calls "the best friend I ever had."

Dr. McDowell, charmed with the talent and earnestness of his pupil, afforded her every facility in his power, giving her the freedom of the college at all times, and occasionally bestowing upon her a private lecture, when she attended to see him prepare dissections for the public ones. Pleasant and encouraging it is to find men of ability and eminence so willing to help a woman, when she is willing to help herself. The career of this young artist, hitherto, has been marked by the warm and generous encouragement of men like Professor McDowell and John Gibson, the sculptor, and pleasant it is to find the affectionate and grateful appreciation of such kindness converting the temporary tie of master and pupil into the permanent one of tried and valued friendship.

Through the winter and spring of 1851, in fact, during the whole term, Harriet Hosmer prosecuted her studies with unremitting zeal and attention, and at the close was presented with a diploma. During her stay at St. Louis, and as a testimony of her gratitude and regard, Miss Hosmer cut, from a bust of Professor McDowell, by Clevenger, a medallion in marble, life size, which is now in the museum of the college. It is, perhaps, worthy of note, that Clevenger and Powers both studied anatomy under this professor.

After graduating, she determined to see something of the world, and all alone she went to New-Orleans, which was thoroughly explored. Returning up the river, she passed on to the Falls of St. Anthony, and had many an adventure. The trip added to her good health and spirits. She returned home in the summer of 1851, and immediately set to work to model an ideal bust of Hesper, continuing her anatomical studies, and employing her intervals of leisure and rest in reading, writing, and boating. Now followed a period of earnest work, cheered and inspired by those visions of success, of purpose fulfilled, of

high aims realized, which haunt the young and enthusiastic aspirant, and throw a halo round the youthful days of genius, which lends a color to the whole career.

To go to Rome, to make herself acquainted with all the treasures of art, ancient and modern, to study and work as the masters of both periods had studied and worked before her—this was now our youthful artist's ambition; and all the while she labored, heart and soul, at Hesper, the first creation of her genius, watching its growth beneath her hand, as a young mother watches, step by step, the progress of her first born; kneading in with the plastic clay all those thousand hopes and fears which, turn by turn, charm and agitate all who aspire. At length, the clay model finished, a block of marble was sought and found, and brought home to the shed in the garden, hitherto appropriated to dissecting purposes, but now fitted up as a studio. Here, with her own small hands, the youthful maiden, short of stature, and delicate in make, anything but robust in health, with chisel and mallet blocked out the bust, and subsequently, with rasp and file, finished it to the last degree of manipulative perfection. Months and months it took, and hours and days of quiet toil and patience; but those wings of genius, perseverance, and industry, were hers, and love lent zest to the work. It was late summer, in 1852, before Hesper was fully completed.

September 29th, 1852, father and daughter sailed for Europe, the St. Louis diploma and daguerreotypes of Hesper being carefully stowed away in the safest corner of the portmanteau as evidences of what the young artist had already achieved, when, arrived at Rome, she should seek the instruction of one of two masters, whose fame, world-wide, could alone satisfy our aspirant's ambition. So eager was her desire to reach Rome, that a week only was given to England, when, joining some friends in Paris, the whole party proceeded to Rome, arriving in the Eternal City on the evening of November 12th, 1852.

Within two days the daguerreotypes were placed in the hands of Mr. Gibson, as he sat at breakfast in the Cafe Greco, a famous place of resort for artists.

In less than a week, Harriet Hosmer was fairly installed in Mr. Gibson's studio, and where she still is. It is difficult, however, for master and pupil, or, we should rather say, for the two friends, to part;

for, spite of the difference of years, or perhaps in consequence of it, a truly paternal and filial affection has sprung up between the two—a source of great happiness to themselves, and of pleasure and amusement to all who know and value them, from the curious likeness, yet unlikeness, which existed from the first in Miss Hosmer to Mr. Gibson, and which daily intercourse has not tended to lessen.

Her first winter in Rome was passed in modelling from the antique, Mr. Gibson desiring to assure himself of the correctness of Miss Hosmer's eye, and the soundness of her knowledge, Hesper evincing the possession of the imaginative and creative power. From the first, Mr. Gibson expressed himself more than satisfied with her power of imitating the roundness and softness of flesh, saying, upon one occasion, that he had never seen it surpassed, and not often equalled.

Her first attempt at original design in Rome was a bust of Daphne, quickly succeeded by another of the Medusa—the beautiful Medusa—and a lovely thing it is, faultless in form, and intense in its expression of horror and agony, without trenching on the physically painful.

We have already spoken of the warm friend Miss Hosmer made for herself, during her winter at St. Louis, in the head of a family, at whose house she was a guest. This gentleman, as a God-speed to the young artist on her journey to Rome, sent her, on the eve of departure, an order to a large amount for the first figure she should model, leaving her entirely free to select her own time and subject. A statue of Enone was the result, which is now in the house of Mr. Crow, at St. Louis, and which gave such satisfaction to its possessor and his fellow-townsmen, that an order was forwarded to Miss Hosmer for a statue for the public library at St. Louis, on the same liberal and considerate terms. Beatrice Cenci, which won so many golden opinions from critics and connoisseurs, was in fulfilment of this order.

The third summer still found her at Rome. Some little reverses in her father's money matters, induced him to suggest the propriety of the daughter's return home, for awhile, and the summons came as she was just on the eve of departure to England, to spend the hot-fever months of the Campagna. With her characteristic decision she resolved not to go home and desert her art. The journey to England was immediately given up, and she ar-

ranged to remain in Rome during the dangerous season of malaria, to work and earn money as well as reputation. Hitherto all her wants had been supplied—now she could not only supply herself but also help others.

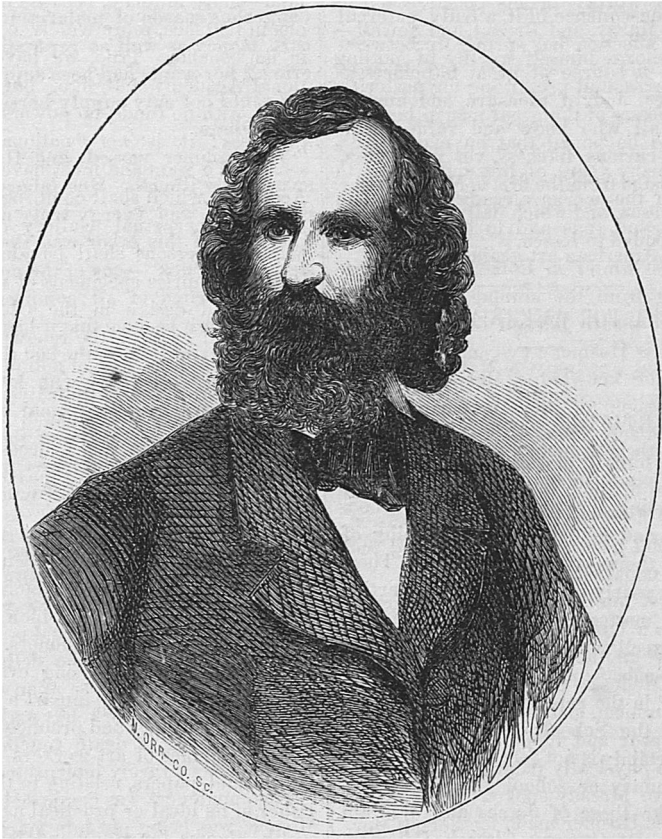
The summer passed, and Harriet was spared any illness. She labored with an enthusiasm and energy truly marvellous. The fruit of this labor was the exquisite statue of "Puck"—one of the most charming and spirited of all compositions. So popular has it become that it has since been repeated several times, the last time for the young Prince of Wales, who honored the maiden's studio with a special visit. One copy is also in possession of the Duke of Hamilton. The original was ordered by and is now in possession of Samuel Hooper, Esq., of Boston.

"Puck" was followed by the "Beatrice Cenci," and a recumbent life-size figure for the monument of a beautiful young woman, who died in Rome, and is buried in the church of San Andrea della Fratteo, in the Via Mercede, close upon the Piazza di Spagna. This work has excited great admiration. It is death touchingly rendered—beauty rarely interpreted.

This monument was composed while the "Cenci" was being put into marble.

Of the "Cenci" we need not speak at length. Its exhibition in this country has served to render the sculptor's name a familiar one, and served to give the American public some idea of her capacity and genius. It is a life-size of the unfortunate woman, whose terrible tragedy is told so touchingly by Shelley, and, more recently, by Guerrazzi, in his novel of "Beatrice Cenci." The moment chosen is the night before her execution, when, overcome by her despair and unmerited fortune, she falls upon her couch for sleep. The figure reclines upon the bench—the limbs dropping to the floor, the hair dishevelled, the face of suffering, yet of a nobility in expression, which marks the true woman. This statue is now in the St. Louis Mercantile Library rooms—the property of Mr. Crow. The last and greatest of Miss Hosmer's works is her "Zenobia," which is thus referred to by Mrs. Lydia M. Child:

"The statue of Zenobia is larger than life-size. The head is covered with a helmet, fashioned like a tiara in front, suggested by a medal of the Palmyrene Queen in the British Museum. Under this, in keeping with the royal costumes of the



William Page.

East, is a gemmed fillet, the ends of which fall among her curls, and meet, in a pleasing line, the ornamented cinte crossed upon the breast. The left hand clutches the chain fastened to her wrists by manacles in the shape of bracelets. On the right arm, which falls naturally and easily by her side, is visible a thin sleeve looped up in Amazonian fashion. Over this first dress is a shorter robe of thicker material. The ample folds of a rich mantle, fastened on the shoulders with gems, breaks up the monotonous outline of the more closely-fitting garments. The whole costume is a charming combination of Grecian grace with oriental magnificence. In the position of the feet and limbs, the artist seems to me to have accomplished the exceedingly difficult task of making a just poise between action and repose. It indicates precisely the slow, measured tread natural to a stately person walking in a procession. The expression of the beautiful face is admirably conceived. It is sad, but calm, and very proud; the expression of a great soul, whose regal majesty no misfortune could dethrone. Miss Hosmer, in a letter accompanying the photograph,

writes: 'I have tried to make her too proud to exhibit passion or emotion of any kind; not subdued, though a prisoner; but calm, grand, and strong within herself.' I think the public will agree that she has successfully embodied this high ideal of her superb subject."

Besides these works, Miss Hosmer has executed several busts, medallions, &c., which are marked by many excellencies. Among them may be named: bust of the lady of Lewis Cass, Jr.; medallion of Dr. McDowell, of St. Louis; medallion head of Lady Constance Talbot, &c. She has, in model, a companion-piece to "Puck" in the "Will-o'-the-Wisp"—said to exceed even the Puck in its spirit, grace, and power of expression.

Miss Hosmer visited America in the summer of 1858, after the completion and shipment hence of her "Cenci." Her reception was, indeed, cordial. In New-York she was a guest of Rev. Dr. Bellows, who gave, through Frank Leslie's "Illustrated Newspaper," a good sketch of her life and labors.

She is now in Rome, still in her Gibson's Studio, which has been enlarged for her

purposes; and, should her life and health be spared, the public have great reason to expect from her hands works which will not fail to render her renowned, and give her position with the most eminent of modern sculptors.

The portrait prefixed to this sketch is furnished us by Dr. Hosmer, and is, therefore, perfectly authentic. It is from a photograph taken in Rome. The lady is in her studio costume, with her tools in her hand and a statue at her side. We have succeeded in giving a good reproduction of her figure.

WILLIAM PAGE.



ILLIAM Page was born in the city of Albany, in the year 1811. He was the only offspring of his mother's second marriage, and lost his father at an early age. At the age of fourteen he gave such unmistakable indications

of his artistic talent, that he was sent to New-York, and placed under the instruction of Professor Morse, then President of the National Academy. He was a pupil of the High School, and soon won attention by the accuracy and beauty of his drawings, for which he was awarded the highest class medals bestowed by the Academy. His first pictures were so brilliant in color, and his portraits were so admirable, that, by the time he had reached his majority, he was already the subject of notice—an artist of mark. Among his earlier paintings, which excited the attention of artists and connoisseurs, was his full-length portrait of Gov. Marcy, commissioned for the New-York City Hall. The "Condemned Husband," "The Whistle," and a "Holy Family," were among his early works, which gave evidence of his ability for character-composition. He was called to Boston to paint the portrait of John Quincy Adams for Faneuil Hall. So much was he sought after by the leading men of "modern Athens," that he was induced to remain there for several years. On his return to New-York he executed a great number of portraits, and made the models and cartoons for a large picture of "Jephtha Meeting his daughter." He also painted a remarkable "Ecce Homo," and made the studies for a picture of "Ruth and Naomi," an unfinished composition, purchased by the late Charles M. Leupp, but now in the New-York Historical Society Gallery.